

VOL. 1--NO. 40.

Harsh Words

Harsh Words.
 BY P. P. HIGGINS.
 Speak not harshly—could we scan
 The secret, inmost soul of man,
 Then his bleeding breast would show,
 Furrows deep of pain and woe—
 How those wounds are warped and wrung
 By an angry, bitter tongue.
 Speak not harshly—learn to feel
 Another's woes, another's weal;
 Of malice, hate and guile instead;
 Friendship's holy bonds be led;
 For sorrow is man's heritage
 From early youth to hoary age.
 Speak not harshly—O how dear
 Kind unkindness meets the ear;
 When the soul with gloom is oppressed,
 Long for love to cheer the breast;
 Reluctant ebb the gushing flow,
 That warmed our hearts with genial glow

Serendivading a Young Lady. In my young days, says the editor of an exchange paper, I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and was so newbath celebrated for playing the flute; hence, it was generally expected when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and called upon to favor the company with a tune on my flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared to be delighted but more particularly so was a young

[illegible]

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentiments of this young lady the moment I strike up the Last Rose of Summer."

"Oh?" said I, "that's nothing; it would not be in good taste to open the window on the first of the next struck up on 'Old Robin Gray.' So the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more, boys," said I, "and she may come."

"I struck up again—"My love is like the red,
rose." Still there was no demonstration.
"Boys," said I, "she's a bumbag. Let us
Home sweet Home," and if that don't bring
we will give her up."
We struck up, and as we finished the last
the window was raised.
"That's the tickets, boys," said I, "I knew

"Friend" said he, "thee was singin' of sweet home—and if I recollect right, thee there was no place like home; why don't thee to thv home? Thee is not wanted here—thee

any of thy party. Farewell?
We and our hats went home!

Just Sentiments.

We make the following extract from a speech of Gen. Sam Houston, delivered at Austin, Texas, November 23, 1855:

I admit and adore the principles of the

merican party. It is the only party in my country whose principles will maintain the personality of our free institutions. I know men occasionally withdraw from the party. Individuals may withdraw from motives I do not impugn—a sense of gratitude for favors conferred, a desire on the part of an individual to

ward a friend against whom he cannot without ingratitude in his estimation, I think perfectly excusable; or when it is necessary for domestic peace, or to gratify the anxiety of a particular friend, I don't think it necessary they should maintain their relations with the order, though they may retain its principles and act upon them. But when I see an individ-

attach himself to the order, seek its benefit with full knowledge of all its principles, afterwards betray them and become its enemy, it always recalls to my mind a proverbial aphorism, 'the biggest rogue always turns at evidence.' It is said that Jefferson favored reduction of the term of naturalization after one year came into office. There is no analogy here.

the present and the past, as far as the subject of naturalization is concerned. I presume the number of emigrants to our land annually did not exceed three thousand, or little the rise of the population during the times of Jefferson. He lived after he had retired from office, and the advantage of a short period of naturalization will not be lost.

that Mr. Emerson, after the experience of many years, when he had time to reflect upon the influences of emigration upon our institutions and exercising the observation which his discerning mind enabled him to do, declared that he wished there was a gulf of fire between the New and the Old World—thus giving evidence that he apprehended future evils would arise in

DA western editor withdraws from his profession in the following valiant story:—"The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the conviction that all is well."

hour he started his paper to the pre-
time, he has been solicited to lie on
every even subject; and cant remain
having to'd a wholesome faith with
diminishing his subscription list or
king an enemy. Under these cir-

stardes of trial and having a thoro contempt for himself he retires in order to recruit his moral constitution."

“Did he hit you on purpose?” asked the Magistrate. “Och, no Honor,” said Pat, “be jabers, he hit on the head sure.”